

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

VOLUME 8, NUMBER 11,

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910

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Won't Have Any Saloons

Sentiment at Petersburg is decidedly opposed to the licensing of saloons at that place. It was thought that the incorporation of the town, accomplished a couple of weeks ago, might have wrought some change in the opinion prevailing prior to that time, but subsequent reports are to the effect that the anti-saloon sentiment is as strong if not stronger than ever. The summary punishment meted out in the Powers, Stewart and Thomas cases is bound to have a decidedly dampening effect on the ardor of those who have heretofore "peddled booze," so the probabilities are that in the future, Petersburg will be a "dry town." Owing to the fact that the law in this district calls for municipal elections the first Tuesday in April each year, the recently elected town council of Petersburg will not take office until after that day, thus obviating the need of another election.

Kelly Drops Her Wheel

On her last trip over from Wrangell to Shakan the Wm. H. Kelly had the bad luck to lose her propeller. The accident happened when the boat was about twelve or fifteen miles this side of her destination. With the assistance of her sail she was worked in to a safe anchorage, while the Demerits, in the Kelly's dingey, rowed on home for assistance. This was secured and the Kelly taken on to Shakan. Thinking that they might make the run over here for repairs, a light twelve horse power engine was installed in the Kelly, but in a trial spin in the bay at Shakan the engine broke one of its connecting rods, so that the trip over for repairs had to be made in a small launch.

In the list of honor pupils of the Wrangell school published last week, the names of Wallace Sinclair and Walter Coulter, respectively first and second in the Fourth grade, were omitted.

Spring Salmon At Last

After waiting weeks and weeks for the run to commence, the fishermen are at last beginning to get results at spring salmon fishing. At Union and Anita bays, the run made its appearance Friday and Saturday of last week, and since then they have been biting freely. The price of fish is high at the present time, ranging from seven to nine cents, so the probabilities are that everybody concerned will make a little money. The Cottage took down quite a shipment from this place.

Will Launch On High Tide

Capt. Torrey's new sloop is so rapidly nearing completion that he has named the next high tide, March 25, as the day of the launching. The boat is a substantially constructed craft and should prove a money maker for her builder. She will be equipped with an auxiliary engine, a 12 horse power Remington oil burner, but will depend more on her sails than on the engine for motive power.

Yes, I'll be ready for tonight's dance early, everybody will be there.

NOTICE OF ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that the annual municipal election for the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, will be held in the council rooms, Patenaude building, Wrangell, Alaska, on Tuesday April, 5th, 1910; between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m. of said day without closing.

This election will be held for the purpose of electing seven Councilmen and one member of the Wrangell School Board.

By order of the Common Council of Wrangell, Alaska, made this 3rd day of March, 1910.

J. E. Worden,
Town Clerk.

CAUCUS NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the citizens of Wrangell, Alaska, will be held in the Common Council rooms, Patenaude building, on Saturday, March 26, 1910, at the hour of 8 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of nominating candidates for a Common Council of seven members and one member of the Wrangell School Board.

P. C. McCormack,
President of the Common Council and Ex-officio Mayor of Wrangell, Alaska.

New Manager Arrives

E. L. Norton, of Proctor, Vermont, the new manager for the Vermont Marble Co. in this district, arrived up on the last boat. He will leave for the West Coast on tonight's mail boat to make the preliminary arrangements for the coming season's work. This is Mr. Norton's first trip to Alaska. The Vermont people contemplate a great many changes and improvements this coming season and expect to double their output from this region.

Alaska's Largest Coal Mine

The largest producing coal mine in Alaska at the present time is on Seward peninsula, on Chicago creek in the Fairhaven precinct, 360 miles north of Nome. This mine is worked only in the winter time, and supplies the Candle creek placer mines, in the development of which it has been an important factor since the discovery of the mine in 1902.

General Improvements

The good weather which appeared at the beginning of the week had a mighty good effect upon the town in general. Sidewalks were cleaned off, "Lu" got busy fixing up defective places on the streets, and the owners of buildings began to make their calculations for improvements. The old Silver Tip building was among the first to feel the effect of the new order of things as Dave Oliver has the contract from Leo Patenaude to completely overhaul the entire building starting with the roof, which has been re-shingled.

Cordeva's Port Showing

The port of Cordova makes an excellent showing for the year 1909. Approximately 90,000 tons of freight was received, and the total number of passengers handled in and out of the port will reach over 10,000. The import duty on coal amounted to nearly \$10,000 and the net surplus customs receipts reached nearly \$7,000.

New Styles for the Current Year

have now arrived in
Men's Shoes, Hats and Furnishings



without
a flaw

SUMMIT
SHIRTS

without
a flaw

We carry in stock Everything a Well Dressed Man
or a Working Man may need, and of the most approved
Cut and Best Brands in the Market.

J. Matheson
DEPARTMENT STORE
GENERAL MERCHANDISE, FURS, FORWARDING.

Who's your Tailor?

The City Store

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.

Hardware, Groceries and Provisions

Rubber Boots, Oil Coats, Pants and Hats

Logging, Prospecting, Mining, Hunting
and Fishing Outfits a Specialty

Fresh Supply of Flower and Vegetable Seeds

Just Received

Local Agents for the

SHIPMATE RANGE

The Best Gasboat Stove Made

Everything at lowest Prices

DONALD SINCLAIR

Dealers in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Wrangell - - Alaska

THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor

Published at Wrangell, Alaska, every Thursday Afternoon

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STOP AND THINK

The time is at hand for the people of Alaska to make up their minds as to who shall represent them for the next two years at Washington. Thus far we have had three men there, Waskey, Cale and Wickersham, and the good they have accomplished for the district is a minus quantity. They have all been political mistakes, and as such it was a grievous error to send them to the nation's capital where they have succeeded in misrepresenting us so completely that Alaska is today without a friend as far as political standing is concerned. The two first named never claimed to be anything but political mavericks, they never expected or promised to accomplish anything. The latter, notwithstanding the fact that he was elected on a mugwump ticket, after the regularly constituted convention of the Republican party had repudiated him, has posed as a Republican in his efforts to get the backing he realizes he must have to accomplish anything.

Thus far he has failed in his efforts, and there is not a man in Alaska who knows anything about conditions politically at Washington, who expects that he will accomplish anything. It is not on the cards, and nobody knows this any better than Wickersham himself, who in his dog-in-the-manger way is now bending all his efforts toward the attempt to prevent legislation for Alaska's benefit which may be introduced by someone else.

In other words, by his actions Mr. Wickersham says; "I realize that I can't do anything for Alaska but I am going to see to it that nobody else does either."

James Wickersham will in all probability be before the voters of Alaska within the next two or three months asking for their votes. What he may be able to accom-

plish in the future can only be judged by his past. That past is anything but satisfactory to you and the other residents of the district, hence, why should you waste your vote and your hope of new legislation by electing him to the position which he cannot satisfactorily fill?

This paper believes that Mr. Wickersham has the necessary ability for the position. It believes that he is probably as efficient a man as the Northland has today, but there are others just as able, who, besides, if elected, would be in a position, politically, to get the results which the present delegate evidently can not get.

The matter is up to the voter. He it is who says who shall go and he it is who has suffered from the results of the misdirected efforts of those he has sent to the front.

Last month fire completely destroyed the Imperial hotel at Valdez, together with the contents, including ten tons of freight stored in the ground floor. Guests escaped from the burning building by jumping from second story windows onto piles of snow. The loss is estimated at \$10,000

What is locally considered the biggest thing yet is proposed by the miners on Lake creek, in the Yentna district, and that is to turn the waters into the channel of the Kahiltna river. This would give the group of miners who have located practically all of Lake creek, about twenty-five miles of a dry stream to work.

MAROONED, MADE MONEY

T. E. Wikidel was on the Farallon going west to buy furs when all on board that vessel were marooned at Innerskirt bay. Being addicted to the strenuous life and rightly figuring that it would be quite a spell before anybody came to look for his party of excursionists he liked over the trail to Illamna, twenty-three miles, and bought a lot of furs there, which he packed back to camp in time to catch the Victoria.—Cordova Alaskan

Here And There In The North

The Farallon was insured for \$70,000.

Six degrees above zero was the coldest day at Cordova this winter.

The fellows running newspapers out at Cordova actually call themselves journalists.

The body of a German called Young was found near Ogilvie, where he froze to death trying to kindle a fire.

Cordova capitalists have organized a stock company to build green houses and raise their own garden sass.

M. J. Smith, a colored resident of the Tanana, froze both feet so that amputation was necessary. He died from the shock.

C. L. Griffin, of Seward, was injured by the explosion of a shot gun. A portion of the muzzle flew back and hit him on the wrist.

Dawson has another excitement. Prospectors there claim to have found pitchblend and Dawson will soon be running a radium factory.

It is now announced that on July 1st the federal judges of Alaska will begin the grand right and left which will land them at their permanent homes.

The plan advanced by Fairbanks Igloo of Pioneers of Alaska to establish a miners' home in Alaska is meeting with encouragement in all parts of the territory.

The Copper River & Northwestern railroad will not furnish jobs this summer for men who drink. No boozers will be carried to the front.

The federal authorities have decided to put a stop to gambling at Cordova. Sixteen men were recently arrested there charged with that offense.

Louis Glasson, station man in the employ of M. J. Heney, was accidentally shot by Paul Teethart and Pete Elderman, who mistook him for a bear.

Michael J. Powers, a pioneer prospector and miner of Alaska, was taken sick at Yakataga. It took eight men thirteen days to get him to Katalla, where he was placed on a steamer for Seattle. He died two days after reaching that city.

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The kind that nice rich CREAM rises on is what you need. I can supply you with it in any quantity. Try some.

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Wrangell Electric Light & Power Co.

Will supply you with

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Lumber in any quantity to any point in Southeastern
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PAID

Novelized From
Eugene Walter's
Great Play

IN

FULL

By
John W. Harding

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bound to do so for the very reason that would have deterred a man of ordinary moral caliber, you would have adhered to the rule though every word of your counsel had been to you as the sear of a white hot iron and its utterance had been death."

For the first time in her life she saw a look of sternness pass over his face. And it was mingled with pain.

"Emma," he said, "I guess we'll go down now. And we'd better take a short cut, if there is one, or we won't be home for dinner. You must be hungry, and of all the—"

"No, Jimsy, hear me," she interrupted. "You must and shall hear me. You have said what you had to say. Now it is my turn, and I too, will speak plainly. You believe—you know—I am and always have been a good woman. You believe that I was faithful, as far as was humanly possible, to the spirit as well as the letter of my marriage vows, made fervently, trustingly. I swore to love and honor Joe Brooks. It was easy, for I did then love and honor him beyond understanding now. But neither love nor honor is kept alive eternally by the virtue of an oath in the face of delusion and worthlessness. Gold was false; diamond was glass. You were witness to the slow murdering of love, and you saw it strangled and thrown down at the last as he would have strangled me had you not prevented."

He would have spoken, but she checked him with a gesture of command.

"No, don't interrupt. Hear me to the end and then speak. What is this thing that you are asking me to do? You are asking me to go to a living death, to make of my heart a seaplane of all sweet or elevating emotion, to surrender my lips to the fetid kiss of an Iscariot, to deliver my body to his loathsome embraces, while my soul sickens with disgust and horror—my body that he would have betrayed, hired out for a piece of silver and, floating, taken back again. You are asking me to immolate myself with all that I hold sacred and beautiful on an altar that you style duty. Now apply your rule to this. Is it right? Is it wrong? Oh, Jimsy, answer me! Before God, is it right?"

She stood trembling with the vehemence of her defense and the strength of her feeling, her arms outstretched in interrogation and appeal.

A great sigh was the indication of the conflict that was raging in Smith's heart, and for one single instant the mask of impenetrability fell from his face.

She read the answer there.

Removing feverishly the glove from her left hand, she forced from her finger the wedding ring that in the years had tightened closely upon it and hurled it from her. It ricocheted on a rock and went bounding over the outer edge of the plateau far down into the pathless, tangled brush of the almost perpendicular declivity.

Smith turned away in silence, and in silence they made their way back along the little path up which they had come. Neither spoke, even at the difficult places when he stretched out his hand and helped her with its strong, sustaining clasp.

Jimsy was grave and abstracted. In his Gethsemane he had drunk too deeply of the waters of knowledge, and they were bittersweet, heavily impregnated with regret and dismay. Emma had discovered the secret which for years he had guarded so jealously and—oh, the blissful torture of it!—had revealed to him that she loved him. This was the outcome of his self-sacrificing mission on behalf of the husband who stood between them with the right of the might of law and the conventions and whose trust was in the keeping of his honor. His role of platonic friendship was ended. His privileged relations with the woman who was dearer to him than life could no longer be maintained. The home of the Harris family could no longer be the refuge of his loneliness, the pleasant oasis in the desert of his existence, where he could find consolation and rest for his suffering heart, beyond which the world lay dark and indistinguishable.

CHAPTER XXII

IT was to Brooks an interminable week that elapsed between his visit to Smith and the latter's return from his mission. His patience was one of his virtues. Having taken the decision step toward a reconciliation with Emma, he yearned more than ever for his wife herself. He saw her now only in the way with he had made her his wife, only as she had

been in the full flowering of her Thapsodite adoration, and the vision abided with him by day as well as by night, luring all his senses.

That the rapprochement would be effected he entertained no doubt whatever. Her present position, he was convinced, must be intolerable. He planned to make her homecoming an occasion of festivity that would mark the beginning of a new, unending honeymoon. He had learned much from the desolation of a loveless life. Things that had bored him would now be delights. He would comport himself differently toward her in many ways.

He spent his leisure time after business hours and on the Sunday while Smith was away in looking up apartments and in other preparations for the resumption of housekeeping, also in elaborating the programme of celebration.

It was with eagerness and confidence that he repaired to Smith's lodgings on Monday evening, having ascertained at the boarding house during the day that his friend had returned that morning from his trip out of town.

Smith was of too frank a nature to keep him for one minute under the delusion he saw by his manner he entertained. Emma had demonstrated to him the impossibility of living with her husband and the futility of further effort to that end—shown him that a new and brighter flame, all consuming, all purifying, had enveloped her heart and that it had purged it of every trace of the old slain sentiment. The knowledge that it burned for him made his present task a peculiarly hard and painful one.

"I'm sorry, Joe," he said, almost before his visitor had seated himself, "but there's nothing doing."

Brooks' expectant smile died out.

"How do you mean nothing doing? Wasn't she there? Weren't you able to see her?"

"Yes, I saw her, and she refused. She will have nothing further to do with you."

Incredulity gave place quickly to bitter disappointment.

"How's that? What did you say to her?"

"I told her that you were leading a straight life, all about your circumstances, that you were sorry for what had occurred and that in future it would be all different and you would do everything in your power to make her happy. I told her that you loved her more than ever. But it was no use."

"Didn't you advise her to make up?"

"I did, Joe. I urged her to forget and forgive, pleaded hard for you, told her I thought she ought to return to you. She said she could have forgiven the matter of money, but that in sending her to Captain Williams' that night you killed every bit of her love for you and she would never pardon your act as long as she drew breath. 'He is dead to me for all time, dead and buried,' she said. 'I hate to have to tell you these hard things, but you asked



Brooks picked up a jackknife and rushed at him.

me to act for you, and I am bound in common honesty to give you the result just as it is."

"You believe she really meant it?"

"I am convinced she did and that nothing will make her change her mind." "It will not," remonstrated Brooks, angry and aggrieved. "She knew she was talking too. She knows I told her that nothing happened to her when she went to Williams'. She gave me some soft talk, tried a little, when she pleaded for me, said because he liked her he gave her the paper releasing me. That's all there was to it."

It was as easy as rolling off a log, and I don't see why she should still be making such a fuss about it, do you?"

"I think I do. You took the chance that something might happen to her. You must have expected that it would, and you were prepared to shut your eyes so long as she got what you wanted. That's what she can't overlook."

"Then you think she did right in leaving me?"

"That is a question I'd rather not pass upon. It ain't any part of what you asked me to do."

"But I want to know what you think."

"And I'd rather not express any opinions one way or the other. I'm a friend of both of you, and you ought not to ask me such a thing."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid! You know as well as I do that something had to be done—done at once—and there was no other way out of it than by getting her to see Williams. In the morning it would have been too late. She's making a mountain out of a molehill, and I shouldn't wonder if you've been helping her, with your stratagems."

"Thanks. I didn't bring that subject up at all—never opened my mouth about it."

"You must have rubbed her temper up the wrong way, then. I ought to have seen her myself. I might have known you'd bungle the whole business."

"Joe, I did the very best for you I could, the best I knew-how. I can imagine how you feel about it, and I'm sorry for you, real sorry for you."

Brooks made a savage dive for the matchbox and relit his cigar that had gone out.

"Look here, Jimsy," he said, "I don't want your pity nor anybody else's. I ought to have seen her myself, and then everything would have been O. K. I could have fixed it up with her in two minutes. I will see her at once. Give me the address."

"It would be useless and would only make matters worse. I can't."

"You mean you won't?"

"Well, I won't, if you wish me to put it that way."

"You have no right to stand between a man and his wife."

"No, Joe, and God is my witness that I would not wittingly do such a thing for all earth has to offer."

Brooks rose excitedly, an ugly scowl on his face.

"There is some other motive for this," he said, "and I'll tell you what it is. You don't want us to come together again. It ain't to your interest. You're standing in with that mother of hers."

"You know that is not true," returned Smith earnestly. "I have done all I could for you."

"Yes, you have," sneered Brooks. "Why don't you want us to make up? Do you think I don't know? Do you think I haven't seen that you've been jealous of me ever since Emma turned you down? Do you?"

"Joe!"

Smith also rose and faced him, very white, all the kindness gone from his visage.

"Do you think I don't know why you've been snooping around her skirts, installing yourself as one of the family in my home? I'm not blind when it doesn't suit me to be, and I've had enough of being fooled and walked all over by everybody who wanted to wipe their feet on me."

"Joe, my boy, you don't know what you're saying, and you'll be sorry when you cool down."

"Sorry nothing!" Brooks shouted, beside himself with fury. "You make me sick with your slow talk and oily ways! What do you think I am? You'll give me that address this minute or by heck I'll hack it out of your carcass!"

Brooks picked up a jackknife which at the time of his arrival Smith had been using to cut the leaves of a book and rushed at him.

Jimsy's big hands descended on both his assailant's wrists. Brooks was strong, but he strained in vain in the grasp of iron. His right arm slowly weakened and twisted gradually until the fingers opened and with a groan of pain he dropped the blade. Smith continued to twist until he had wrung all the fight out of him and he had him limp and helpless. Then he let him go and picked up the knife.

"You'd better let weapons out of your arguments, Brooks, or you'll sure be hurting somebody. One of these

[to be continued.]

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and Caps, Boots

and Shoes,

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Misses' wear, Furnishings

Skirts, Corsets, Dry Goods, Etc.

Wrangell, Alaska

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THE BREWERY SALOON And Billiard Hall

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First Class House in Every Particular

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Soft Drinks of all kinds

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Alaska Furs a specialty. Very top prices paid for quick cash returns. Shipments with mail return approved, with 10% discount. Make trial shipment. Finance Yourself. WRITE FOR CATALOGS

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Spring Sarsaparilla

Price, large bottle, 100 full doses \$1.00—and well worth it, too. It's better to take no medicine at all than to depend upon cheap concoctions that are compounded to sell at a low price and a big profit just because there is a large demand for certain remedies at certain seasons of the year.

Nyal's Spring Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, arouses the torpid liver, drives out all impurities, cleanses and tones up the system, and helps nature throw off the dullness that comes from the indoor life of winter. It arouses energy, brightens the eye, clears the brain, gives lightness to the movements.

Of course you know that we carry the most up-to-date stock of drugs in Wrangell.

Shurick Drug Co.
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NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

Raw Furs!

WE PAY
High Prices for Fine Furs

Write for Price List

Percy's Fur House
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN
Established 1872

Harry Gartley and wife will be passengers south on the next trip of the Jefferson. Mrs. Gartley and little son will go on to California while Harry, after a few days visit in Victoria, will return to Wrangell.

Frank Churchill, who had spent the winter in Oregon, arrived up on a recent boat.

Word comes from the south of the death of Mrs. Adj. Smith's mother at Vancouver, B. C.

Of course you are going to the dance tonight.

Fred C. Miles who went to California recently on account of ill health, writes that he is steadily improving, and within a short time will return.

Remember the St. Patrick's Day dance at Redman's Hall tonight.

One of the horses was brought over from Farm island Sunday and is now hauling fuel from the saw-mill to the electric light plant.

That old pipe of yours is fierce, better get a new one from Pat's.

Washing and ironing, pressing, cleaning and plain sewing at Mrs. Wm. Lewis'.

Louis Levy, representing Joseph Ullmann, the big New York FUR buyer, will spend the winter in Southeastern Alaska, making frequent calls at Wrangell.

Patenaude carries the best in Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' supplies in general.

Mrs. Wm. Fletcher, after a very pleasant visit with friends on the Sound, returned home on the Cottage.

Roy Cole and wife have rented the east end of the Uhler building and are furnishing it for house-keeping.

Job Printing at THE SENTINEL

REGISTRATION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the registration books of the town of Wrangell, Alaska, have been delivered to me, and will be open for the registering of voters of said town, from 9 o'clock a. m. to 4 o'clock p. m. daily, Sundays and holidays excepted, from the 4th day of March to, and including, the 4th day of April, 1910.

By order made by the Common Council of Wrangell, Alaska, March 3rd, 1910.

L. C. Patenaude,
Registrar.

DON'T HAVE COLD FEET!

We have Hot Water Bottles

See our

LINE OF RUBBER GOODS

For Sale

As administrator of the estate of Harry Appleton, deceased, I am offering the following goods for sale:

1 king salmon gill net, 40 fathoms of which is new.

3 tierces.

2 half barrels.

Set of tools.

Sales will be for cash only.

A. Osborn.

When in need of a tombstone for your departed one, write to the Juneau Marble works, James Hogan, proprietor, Juneau, Alaska. Designs and prices furnished on application.

TO HAVE A CUTTER

The governor's office has been advised that the revenue cutter Rush will be returned to Southeastern Alaska waters as soon as necessary repairs can be made on her. In the letter, which comes from Secretary of the Interior Ballinger, it is stated that everything possible will be done to obtain a boat for Juneau which will be detailed to remain here permanently.

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that I, Wm. E. Lloyd, administrator of the estate of John Norton, deceased, have filed with the Probate Court, Wrangell Precinct, District of Alaska, my final account, and the Court has set April 25th, 1910, the day for hearing objections thereto. Therefore, all persons having objections thereto are cited to appear on that date at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Court House at Wrangell, Alaska.

Dated February 24, 1910.

WM. E. LLOYD,
Administrator of the Estate of John Norton, Deceased.

Notice

To claimants of land in Wrangell townsite. Time in which to file applications for deeds is extended thirty days from the date of this notice, after which allotments will be made or rejected on all applications on file, and deeds issued on payment of assessments. Contest cases will then be heard, and a report made of all unoccupied lands; lands allotted, assessments remaining unpaid; and lands occupied and not applied for. When the Commissioner of the General Land Office will appoint a time for, and the conditions under which the lands still remaining vacant will be sold at public auction.

Wrangell Alaska, Feb. 17, 1910.
Marcus Fayette Inman,
Townsite Trustee.

Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that I, John Thormodsater, administrator of the estate of Erick Peterson, deceased, have filed in the Probate Court, Wrangell Precinct, Alaska, my final account, and the Court has set April 18th, 1910, as the day for hearing objections thereto. All persons are cited to appear on that date at two o'clock at the Courthouse, Wrangell, Alaska, and file their objections, if any, to said account.

Dated February 12, 1910.

John Thormodsater,
Administrator Aforesaid.

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SHACK

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